VS AND BUSINESS PAPER--DEVOTED TO FORBIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, MORALS, TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF S

OL. XXIII---NO. 42.

### BROOKVILLE, FRANKLIN COUNTY, INDIANA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1855.

# rolessional Cards. BAVIE, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SUR HON. Orring, at his residence, corner o ad James streets, Brookville, Ind. COMAS J. WRITE -NOTARY PUBLIC FURNITURE. HARRISON, ONTO. E. E. FULLES ... DRALES IN DRIGS DO HOTEL -CORNER MAIN & MARKET HARRISON, OHIO. D. PINEE, Proprietor. HELIE COUNTY DIRECTORY

Soptember, Becomber and March—may sit ays such time.

County Officers.

McCheery, Senator, time expires Oct 1838

A. Johnson, Clock, "" " 1856

Silver, " " " 1856

Rottesson, Transport, " " Aug 1857 Instice of the Peace.

mis Kneebt, Commission expires Nov 6, 183 e Clemente Commission expires Dec 25, 1836 wiet Ensuinger 4 Aor 3, 1836 sert M. June 4 Oct 98, 1836 HICE COUNTY DIRECTORY. May, August, and November, except are five Mondays in the preceding months Monday. May sit I weeks each time. municous a Court meets let Monday. Replember, December and Marco-may

ATTENTO COURTS DIRECTORY mente bi Monday of March and as Counce site tib Mondays in Jan-Cours meets lat Monday in

MUSIC. For its cadence is to me As dew-drops to the drosping flower, Or t lesseems to the bee. It soothes my fevered, burning brain, It calms my troubled heart, And bids, in tones of melody, Give me music, low faint music, I'll dream again, as once I dreamed,

## Selected Boetry.

ASTORY OF HEAVEN.

Filling the air with glee,
Till they were tired, and sai them down
Beneath the old oak tree.

They were silent fora little space, And then the boy began: "I wonder, sister dear, if I Shall ever be a man.

l almost think I never shall, Por often in my sleep, I dream that I am dring— Nay, sister do not woop!

It is a joyful thing to die; For though this world is fair, feed a loveller in my dreams, And I havy I am there.

I fancy I am taken there, As soon as I have died; And I roum through all the piessant place With an angel by my side.

"To that bright world I long to go; I would not linger here; But for my geetle mother's sake, And yours, my sister dear!

"And when I read my book to her Or when I play with you; I quite forget that blessed land, And the bicseed angel too.

But oft when Inm weafy Of my book and of my play,

And my mother dear, and I, Could shut our eyes upon this world, And all together die."

Then spake the fair-haired sister,

Dear brother, let us go! "Our mother wept when father died, Till her bright eyes were dim;

And I know she longs to go to heaven, That she may be with him." "So let us all together go!"
The thoughtful bov replied,
"Ah, no! we cannot go to heaven,

Until that we have died. "And, sister, we must be content

Shall call our souls away!" Before the next year's roses came. That gentle call was given,

Were, all of them in heaven. OLD AGE TO SUMMER.

And the mother and her two sweet babes

THE R. P. ST. LEWIS CO., LANS. weep sweet summer, that we parl, For my locks are hour with frost, And ere then dost return again,
I may to earth be lost. The mouldering tomb may garner me Within its prison halls Where summer sunlight never shines, To cheer its gloomy walls.

The pleasant streams that gently flow, Where thy soft foot bath tread, Will never ripple where I'm hid,
Amid the stambering dead.
No voice of birds will greet me there, No vordant fields I'll see— Thy blooming flowers and mellow fruits, Will all be hid from me.

My olden haunts thou'll tread alone, Where oft I've been with thee, And thou will emile as eweetly then," As when thou smiled on me. Thou'lt twine the tendril of the vine, 'Neath where I used to kneel,
And there thy soft, sweet balmy breath
its gentlest influence yield.

fines I am growing old? That seems so very cold.

Then let me look beyond its gloom,
Where death will never be, Where one celest int summer reigns, In that eternity.

That long has seemed so frail; There let me catch the perfumed swe That scent each passing gale . No longer then my heart will droop, Upon the baimy air.

WATHEBORG, Sept. 1855.

Tin and, but sweet to dwell

Along thy sumset shies. Their glories melt in shado, And, like thethings we foodly price, from leveller as they fole.

A deep and crimson streak
Thy dying leaves disclose;
As on Consumption's waning check,
'Mid ruin, blooms the rose.

Thy scene each vision brings Of beauty in decay; of fair and early faded things, Too unquisite to stay :--

Of fore that come no more! Of Bowers whose bloom is fied; Of farewells wept upon the sharet Of friends estranged or dead;

Of all that now may seem, To memory's tourful eye, The vanished beauty of a dream, O'or which we gase and sigh.

Ofhappinemand love,

Kansas Affairs.

their own institutions, and to hold and people the votes of non-residents and and his giving the specification only ed that moment the victory is won.—
recover their slaves, without any mo- aliens, inimical to the interests of the after the removal was made, are strong Our invaders will never strike a blow

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